

"This isn't Queer Dude!" by LeftHandersRule

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Summary:

Jonathan practically jumped out of his skin when Steve kicked open his bedroom door. The thin camera film fell out of his hands as he snapped his head over to the raging man. Steve slammed the door shut with his foot and turned to glare at the other boy. His face was contorted with anger, cheeks and ears flaming red. Before Jonathan could get a word in, Steve pounced on him like a panther, knocking him flat on his back with his legs dangling off the edge of the bed. Jonathan let out a surprised grunt as he was slammed onto the mattress. His eyes locked onto Steve's face, scared that Steve might decide to break his nose. Steve is on him, fingers capturing the soft fabric of his cream colored sweater. He has the fabric balled tightly in his fists, with no intent of freeing Jonathan from his grasp. Both boys were just shy of panting like a dog on a hot summer's day. Steve

wanted to break Jonathan's jaw for the shit he pulled with Nancy. He was so pissed at him, but as he glared into Jonathan's deep puppy eyes, he found his rage slowly slipping away from him. The anger remained, but the rawness of it snuck off somewhere.

What replaced it was a confusing, warm feeling.

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Author's Note:

Hey guys, here's a little Jonathan x Steve fic because I love them both and I'm a professional Jonathan Simp. I hope you enjoy!

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What replaced it was a confusing, warm feeling. Something tempting and a little concerning. He watched Jonathan pant from beneath him. The white of his top two front teeth barely visible past his parted cherry lips. They're probably so pink because he bites them so much, not that Steve noticed or anything. It looked like Jonathan wanted to say something, probably wanting to ask why the hell Steve just jumped on him, but he didn't speak. Instead he remained silent. Steve figured he probably would've asked if he had the balls to. However, he was thankful he didn't, because if he did, Steve wasn't sure he'd be able to give him an answer. Why did he tackle him? Did he want to hit him? To beat him up or yell at him? The answer should've been easy, but it wasn't. He was just so... so mad. Mad at everything. He was mad at his stupid parents for everything. Mad at them for yelling

at him, for scolding him for that stupid party. Mad at himself about Nancy... and Barbra. He was mad at Jonathan for taking those pictures and stealing his girl and even more mad at Nancy for choosing him, but what pissed him off the most was himself. He was so damn angry at himself for being a jerk to Nancy, his parents, to his friends... to Jonathan. He thought picking a fight would make him feel better, but with Jonathan under him, his blood lust was gone. He didn't want to be a jerk anymore. He was tired of being a bully.

Jonathan opened his mouth for a second before snapping it shut. Steve watched the way his red lips turned pale under their tight lipped pressure that Jonathan put them under. He didn't fail to notice how the other boy's bottom lip caved in slightly, indicating that he was biting them from the inside. Steve hardly realized he was staring at Jonathan's mouth until he finally flicked his eyes up to meet with the Byers kids' eyes. What he didn't expect was Jonathan's eyes doing the same, flashing up from his own lips to lock with Steve's. He nearly flinched when he realized Jonathan was looking at his own lips. It made him hyper aware of their presence. It left them feeling tingly and his stomach fluttery. He wondered what Jonathan saw when he looked at Steve's lips.

Steve's fists were still clamped tight around his sweater. He kept him pinned under him. Though if Jonathan really wanted to flee, he could've done it already. He hasn't tried to squirm or push Steve off. In fact, he hasn't really shown any indication of him wanting to run away from him. He hasn't tried to resist him at all. The only resistance he showed was grabbing Steve's jacket in an attempt to catch himself when Steve slammed him down. Other than that, he let Steve manhandle him. Something about that sent warmth down Steve's spine. He lowered himself slightly, his leg sliding between Jonathan's. He nearly missed the way Jonathan parted his thighs, allowing Steve to situate between them. Their legs dangled off the side of the bed. It felt childish, but neither moved. Steve wanted to loosen his white knuckled death grip on Jonathan's sweater, but he was scared that if he loosened his grip, something may slip free from him. So, he kept his hands tight, restraining any weird impulses.

Jonathan finally let go of Steve's coat. He let his hands fall onto the mattress like the rest of his body. They plopped down next to his

head on either side, palms facing the ceiling. His chin was tipped up, eyes focused somewhere between Steve's lips and eyes. God damn. Jonathan looked so... so nice like this. His messy hair was just as chaotic as normal, but rebellious strands rested softly on the blankets below. The hazy look in his eyes sent something hot into Steve. His dark eyes, parted lips, chin tilted up towards him and neck peeking out from his turtleneck sweater, all of it was sending mischievous signals to Steve's brain. He couldn't even remember why he was so angry. The signals he was getting were wrong. They were totally wrong, but he couldn't resist as he subconsciously inched closer to the submissive boy. His nose brushed against the tip of Jonathan's and the other boy sucked in a shaky breath like he was preparing himself. His hands turned, sweaty palms brushing against the soft blankets. His fingers hooked into the fabric and Steve could feel his heavy breaths against his knuckles.

At the moment, there was something about Jonathan that reminded Steve of his first time with Nancy. The first time they had sex. She was so nervous and vulnerable looking, but her eyes twinkled with excitement and desire. He remembered how her hands trembled along his back, not knowing exactly where to fall, but how her lips peppered his own in feverish kisses that only grew more warm with each passing breath. In this strangely tense moment, Jonathan looked like Nancy. Nervous, but anxiously awaiting. Wanting. Wanting Steve. He could see it in his eyes, the glazed over look. The need twisted into his eyebrows. He wanted Steve to do something. Jonathan would never admit it, but his face and racing heart says it all. He wants Steve. That realization repeated itself in Steve's mind over and over; *'He wants me. He wants me.'*

Steve's heart stuttered when Jonathan's hand rose up. The action was slow and timid. He was acting as if Steve was a wild deer and that if he moved too fast, he'd scare him away. His fingertips brushed along the shoulder of his jacket. It was an aloof touch, barely felt through the fabric. Steve was almost out of breath. He wanted Jonathan to touch him harder, he wanted to feel his fingers against him. When they practically danced their way up to the collar of his shirt, Steve sucked in a breath. He felt Jonathan's fingernail scrape against his neck for a moment, before shying away and that action sent fire straight into his gut. Jonathan touched his neck with the pad of his

thumb before moving back to the collar of his shirt. He thumbed over it and the sound was amplified in Steve's ears. It was so quiet, but to Steve, it was the only thing he could hear other than his thundering heart. His neck broke out with goosebumps, neck hair standing like a cold breeze washed over it.

His fists finally loosened to a gentle grip. He thumbed over the soft sweater, mimicking Jonathan's motions. He could feel Jonathan's body heat through his clothes. His chest was burning hot like a furnace. Steve watched Jonathan's Adam's apple bob. When his tongue darted out to wet his lips, it sent a craving into Steve's deepest desires. Heat rushed down Steve's spine like a glass of water was spilled down his back. Their noses were touching, brushing against each other. Their breathing had softened to the point they were just shy of holding their breath. Their lips were so close to making contact and Jonathan didn't move an inch. He was probably too nervous to even blink and honestly, Steve felt the same. His brain was full of want, he was intoxicated by it, but every male figure in his life was screaming at him in his head. For the first time in his life, he wanted to kiss a guy.

He tipped his head to the side and finally gave in. His lips brushed against Jonathan's and he practically melted. His grip tightened once again on Jonathan's sweater, now more than ever. It was as if he subconsciously thought that if he let go, the kiss would end. So he held him tightly, even though the kiss was feather light it nearly tickled. Steve let his body rest against the other boys. He laid on him, chest to chest as their lips brushed. Their legs intertwined, Steve's ankle locking with Jonathans. His body was tingling from his head to his toes, a sensation he wasn't quite used to. Sure, he got all fluttery when he kissed Nancy, but it was never... never like this. Jonathan' let out the softest, most breathy sound and the effect it had on Steve was effective and immediate. He kissed him harder, their lips squishing together. He could feel Jonathan's racing heartbeat under his fists and shamefully, he matched the other boys. He liked this. He wanted this.

Jonathan's hands awkwardly latched onto Steve's jacket as their kiss deepened. He struggled to match Steve's expertise, given his lack of experience. However, it wasn't like either of them cared. In fact, it

only seemed to add to the want they felt. One is an experienced play boy wannabe, the other a shy guy with little social experience. Their lips danced in a silent and breathy melody. It was hypnotic like a musical note. It had Jonathan curling his toes in his fluffy black socks. Their thighs grinded against one another softly, the action timid and noncommittal. Steve's lips were so firm, but soft at the same time. They weren't chapped at all, or swollen from biting. They were perfect and the taste they left had Jonathan's head spinning. He wanted more. He forgot about everyone. He forgot about his mom and brother for a moment, he forgot about Nancy. The only thing that was on his mind was the same thing that was on his body; Steve.

When Jonathan's lips parted, Steve didn't waste any time. His tongue slipped out from his own mouth and licked Jonathan's bottom lip. The response he got was a little gasp and a slight nod and Steve needed nothing more to know he was given permission. He slipped his tongue inside the other boy's mouth, gently grazing his teeth. When Jonathan's tongue brushed against the other boy's, it sent fire through his veins. This couldn't be real, Steve is a drug. He's giving him an addiction he never knew he could have. Is this what so many of the singers in his favorite songs were talking about? A feeling so molten that it leaves lava in his core? A feeling he doubts he'd ever recover from? If that's the case, he'll listen to every note and melody in each and every song if it brings him more of these moments. His fingers interlaced together behind Steve's neck. He couldn't stop himself from pulling Steve closer.

"Jonathan?" A woman called from the front door. Both boys separated immediately. Steve practically flew off Byers and landed on his feet across the room. Jonathan stumbled up the bed, his eyes locked on the bedroom door. He shot a glare to Steve and motioned with his hand towards the closet. In silent panic, Steve understood and jumped inside with no hesitation. He ducked into the darkness, hiding behind layers of coats and old t-shirts.

"Yeah mom?!" Jonathan called back in a voice Steve's never heard from him. It was more confident and loud than he's ever considered possible from the other boy. The sound of hurried footsteps came down the hall and in a matter of seconds, Steve could hear Joyce opening the door. He sucked in a quiet breath, too scared to let out a

single sound. His ears strained to listen.

“Jonathan,” she breathed. Her son sat awkwardly on the edge of his bed, lower back resting on the pillows. He looked at her with an anxious eye, but it wasn’t unusual.

“Yeah?”

“Hopper might have a lead,” she said, eyes glimmering with fragile hope. Jonathan’s heart stopped for a moment and he got off the bed. He approached her and gently placed his hands on either side of her arms.

“W-what did he say?”

“He didn’t tell me very much, but he said he may have a lead.”

“That’s great mom,” he smiled. There was a second of silence as Steve listened with his ear pressed against the door. Neither of them spoke and it left him on the edge of his seat. However, he felt a stab of sympathy go through him when he heard Joyce sniffle before letting out a whiny cry.

“Mom, mom it’s okay,” Jonathan whispered, pulling her into his arms. She instantly wrapped her arms around him. She sobbed into his sweater as he spoke. “He’s gonna find him.”

“I know I know... but I can’t stop thinking about him. He’s my baby. I just... I keep imagining him being cold and scared and-and I just can’t do it anymore.”

Steve felt a harsh wave of guilt was over him. To think he wanted to beat Jonathan up because he was mad at himself. *‘Get over yourself Steve Harrington’.*

“I know mom,” he could hear Jonathan croak. “Me too, but we have to be strong. We have to. For Will.”

Steve whipped his eyes as he tried to stay silent. He could hear Joyce sniffle a few times as she seemingly got herself together.

“You’re right... you’re right,” she breathed as she looked up at him.

She placed a hand on Jonathan's cheek. "God what would I do without you?"

"You'd manage," he whispered, trying to offer her a sincere smile. She nodded before taking in a deep breath.

"Well... dinner stuff is on the table. I'm gonna go put up more flyers."

"But you just got here."

"I know, but I have to."

"Okay... I love you mom."

"I love you too," she smiled. There was pain still clear in her voice, it was hard to miss, but soon she left the room. Only moments after the sound of keys jingling and the front door opening and closing could be heard. Steve gave it a few more seconds before he finally exited the closet. He stepped out from the small space and looked over to Jonathan. He was standing awkwardly, but his eyes were weak. He was in a vulnerable state and Steve would be lying if he said he knew how to help. Steve cleared his throat, getting the other boy's attention. Jonathan looked over at him, crossing his arms. His expression was tired and sad and it left Steve feeling mournful.

"M'sorry," he looked at his shoes. "For everything."

Jonathan didn't reply verbally. He just nodded. Steve wasn't satisfied though. He wanted to help, to be a better person, but he didn't know how. He came here looking to start a fight with a guy who's brother is probably dead. Then instead of fighting him, he made out with him. God, he was a piece of work. A hot mess. Although, he's not even sure if he is good enough to be considered hot anymore. Now he's just a mess.

"I really am sorry..." he looked at the floor. "Listen man... I know I've been a dickhead for like... ever... but if you ever need anyone to talk to... I'm here."

"Thanks," Jonathan dismissively muttered.

"I'm serious. Just... think about it."

Jonathan nodded and remained silent. He sat down on the bed and sighed. Now it was Steve who was awkwardly standing around. He fiddled with a stray pencil on Jonathan's desk. He could feel himself being watched, but he paid it no mind. After a few seconds Jonathan cleared his throat and spoke up.

"Why'd you come here?"

"Hmm? Oh. Right," Steve nodded and rubbed the back of his neck. He faced the other boy and was conflicted. Tell him the truth or lie? If he lied, what the hell will he tell him? "I... fuck. I was pissed off and I wanted to take it out on you."

Jonathan waited a few seconds before responding. "Funny way of doing it."

"Hey," Steve glared. Heat rose up in his cheeks as he furrowed his brows. Like hell he was gonna get flustered by some loser. "I didn't do that on purpose."

"Then why?"

"I-," Steve stumbled. "It wasn't queer dude."

"Kinda."

"It wasn't," Steve barked, growing more irritated. He got red when he saw Jonathan smile weakly. Although he couldn't deny the flutter his heart gave at the sight. Steve scoffed and pinched the bridge of his nose as he spoke. "It wasn't queer. I just... nevermind."

Both boys didn't speak. There was tension in the room, though neither acknowledged it. Steve gestured to the door. "Think it's safe to leave yet?"

Jonathan motioned to the window. "I think it would be better if you left through the window."

"Stealthy, I can do that," Steve sauntered over to the window. He cleared off some random junk in the windowsill before lifting the glass open. Once it was fully open, he straddled the frame, one leg out the window, dangling just above the grass. The other was still in

Jonathan's bedroom. He froze and looked at the other boy, who was now approaching him. He watched as Jonathan set the objects that Steve moved aside. Once they were where he wanted, he rested his hand on the window, looking down at Steve.

"Yeah?" Steve said, a little unsure of how to read this situation.

"Um... nothing." Jonathan muttered, avoiding eye contact like the plague. Steve darted his eyes around, mulling things over in his head before shrugging. He threw his other leg outside the window and let himself drop to the grass below. He huffed, adjusting his clothes and fingers brushing his fluffed hair. He looked back up at Jonathan, who was staring down at him. Heat pooled inside Steve's gut when he recognized that wanting look in his eyes. They stared at each other briefly, before Jonathan lowered to his knees. He crossed his arms on the windowsill, letting his head rest on them. Steve's heart thumped in his chest.

"Thank you," Jonathan just about whispered.

"For what?"

"Getting my mind off... everything."

"Yeah? Well... don't mention it," Steve tried to be aloof and cool. He found it hard to look at the calm expression Jonathan's face carried. Jonathan looked so under control, while Steve was having trouble keeping his heart in his chest. He shook his head and started to walk away. As he strided through the grass, he could feel Jonathan's eyes lingering on him. He tried to ignore it, but it tickled down his spine. Eventually he stopped walking, fingertips trembling by his sides. His brain was screaming at him to ignore it, to fight it, but his desire was strong, too strong. He suddenly turned on his heel and paced back to Jonathan, still resting his head on the windowsill. When he saw Steve turn around, he jumped slightly, but didn't flinch away from the window. Steve hustled to the edge of the house. His hand clamped onto the window's edge and he kicked himself up so he could give Jonathan a quick but hard kiss on the lips.

"See ya man," Steve husked as he let himself fall back into the grass. He smiled at the way Jonathan's eyes lit up. He almost couldn't hear

Jonathan's goodbye, but the little interaction had Steve sauntering away. Soon he was out of sight from the Byers house. His walk home was gonna be long and tiring, but it's probably for the best. He couldn't believe how this day turned out and he sure as hell has a lot of thinking to do. One thing was for sure though; Jonathan was on his mind for the rest of the day.

Author's Note:

Hope you guys liked that! It was my first Stranger Things fic so I hope I did good! Let me know your thoughts!